

The Ogdensburg.
To the Editor of the

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To the Editor of the Press:
One cannot speak of this wonderful engineering achievement, as it deserves, without appearing extravagant. Of course we have had occasion to modify our opinions; but I think that the road is completed up to the Crawford House, and for much less money than was expected, we may venture to take breath of our own pronouncement judgment on the work.
That it must be a great and constantly increasing thoroughfare, through a region hitherto almost inaccessible, is a fact which

erto inaccessible, anybody must acknowledge that even the most hopeful and sanguine, to nothing of our business men and our proprietors generally, have no just idea of what may be reasonably expected hereafter in the great system, of which the Ogdensburg part, shall be completed. But of all hereafter—meanwhile, what I have to relate to the engineering through the North.

Think of riding into the sky and through the clouds four thousand feet, including a seven-hundred feet by coach and six horses.

then say, without reference to the work it whether, on the whole, it is not better safer than the best of ballooning.

But go and see for yourself, and to the line which runs four thousand feet at the Wiley House, and measure the embankments and the prodigious walls, and down into the bottomless abyss below, and you will be sure to feel, not as if you were tuning through a gateway, left open for the coming generations, with all its mineral treasures by the Architect of the universe, but most

Under the management of Mr. John F. Person, assisted by the counsel, and occasional visits of Engineer Laroche, a man of large experience, and for many years principal on Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and chief engineer of other roads, the original survey, or right hand of the Hotel as you go up.

abundantly and a new line adopted along opposite walls; and over this, I have just travelled and found it one of the pleasantest, smoothest and safest of all the roads I am acquainted with.

And this is not all; there is no hesitation in going up the highest grades—the stupendous ones which were looked upon for a while as inaccessible.

The work, where the gorges are deepest, the walls Cyclopean, or Titanic, is absolutely wonderful, and must be in all future years

The pleasure travel seems to be most en-
gaging, and the Houses all along the way,
character to satisfy the most exacting.
party took breath at the Crawford, a
handsome and well-appointed establish-
ment, belonging, together with two or three
townships, to the Barrons; but we had an op-
portunity of seeing the Fabyan House
larger, the Intervale House, and some of

The ascent of Mount Washington is not only managed, and without danger.

A Little Speech by Gen. Sherman
Gen. Sherman was serenaded in St. Mino., where he was staying for the night Wednesday, and somewhat reluctantly made a brief speech. The Pioneer-Press says that after the band had played for a while, it suggested to Gen. Sherman that the band a few people had come down from the top of the mountain to a few words from him. At this

information, the General, who had been standing in the broad hallway, in plain view of all, stepped away from the crowd and sought seclusion in an adjoining room. The band still continued to play and the General still continued to smile. Finally Gen. Sauborn and Gen. C. C. Smith, son of St. Paul, and Gen. H. W. Slocock, Brooklyn, N. Y., prevailed on him to go and say a word or two. Accordingly he hurried to the front, and, with a flourish and a removal of his cap from his mouth, said:

"Where are those old soldiers that are waiting to see Gen. Sherman?"

The band had been located some distance

from the hotel, and as soon as the General the leading question above, all began to get closer around the speaker, when some of the partial darkness called out:

"Here they are."

Gen. Sherman—Well, come up, come closer. Huddle up close, like the regulars.

After waiting a moment or two for the "huddle up close, like the regulars," the general said:

Now, gentlemen, a few moments ago one came to my room and told me that soldiers wanted to see me and hear my story. Don't you think I make a speech? American people are too much given to making a pretty opinion if it is a great, but

am glad, however, always to meet the old friends of the Republic that fought through late war. They used to respond with all to the calls of the people, and it is proper that the people should respond to the feel that I must respond to your command to go to the old soldiers of the North and Minnesota, all the North that fought through the late war with me to me at all times, and that I be glad to see them and shake hands with them, to speak to them, and do any favor that may be in my power.

The severities and lessons of the war being partly forgotten by the people, but

sons naturally, because they have
not been told about the hardships
of the camp and the battle field.
I tried to save the best of all the
things in the world. All things consid-
ered, and we must see to it that we
do it. In civil life you must have out-
pockets and your skirmishers the same
army does, and thus take the means of
giving and protecting the government
from danger. In this case, I have
seen that you young fellows take ex-
ample from old soldiers, you will guard your liberties,
preserve them, and I have no doubt
you will live long and prosper. Good night, gentle-
men.

MURDER OF A PORTLAND WOMAN.
HARRIET McCool died suddenly at her home 53 Fleet street, Boston, on Friday the victim, as appears from subsequent investigations, of a most brutal assault on his part by her husband, James McCool. Mrs. McCool's maiden name was Morrissey, and she belonged originally in this city, passing her girlhood and her relatives residing here. She was a most quiet and respectable person, and a widow when she married McCool, he

McCool returned from serving out a year's term in the House of Corrections weeks ago, and on Friday, a week ago, abusing his wife without any cause whatsoever. On the Saturday night following, before a person in the place could interfere, he dealt a kick on her stomach, but was soon averted from doing the woman any further injury. She did not seem dangerously hurt. McCool, who ran off and has not been since, is thought about the time he will be

however, of trouble with her stomach and irritation of the heart, until Thursday evening, when, feeling worse, she went to bed, and soon after found dead. Dr. White made a full examination of the body, and found a black patch on the left side, between the chest and stomach, and gave his opinion the scar was caused by a kick. No other marks were visible. The body was sent to the morgue, and a jury of inquest was sworn. The jury viewed the body at the dead-house and adjourned to take evidence in the case.

The supposed murderer is of medium height, having a light complexion. One leg is shorter than the other, and is lengthened by a wooden sole. Directly after the assassin disappeared, and although eagerly sought after by the police since the death of the woman, his whereabouts have not been learned. He is a first offender, and although but 28 years of age, has done considerable "time," his last being three years in the House of Correction for robbery at the North End.

THE WHEAT CROP OF MINNESOTA.—The Paul Pioneer-Press of the 13th inst. gave a very encouraging statement of the prospects of the wheat crop for the current year in Minnesota. It estimates that the result of the harvest will be 32,000,000 bushels above the grasshoppers have taken, of which a 24,000,000 will be for sale, the money value which it puts at \$23,440,000, money value \$13,000,000 more than the crop of 1874. As to the above the receipts from the crop of 1874 which have been received since June, 1874.

mates that the amount of money realized from the sale of wheat in the state for the year ending June 1, 1976, will be more than four times as much as during the preceding year, and reach the large sum of \$21,000,000, at without counting other agricultural products such as oats, barley, corn, potatoes, flax,

